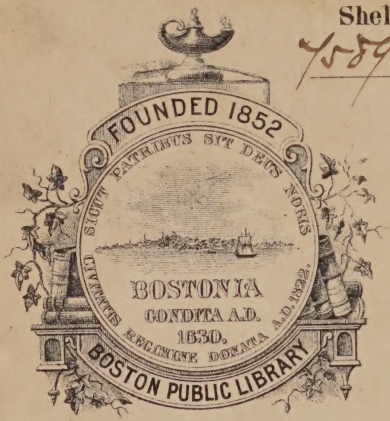
BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 9999 08654 904 3

4593

Shelf No.
Y589.2.10



Hellotype Printing Co.

THE

HOUSE-TOP SAINT.

7589a 210

BY MRS. J. D. CHAPLIN.

WILLARD TRACT REPOSITORY,
BEACON HILL PLACE, BOSTON.
239 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.
1323 ARCH ST., PHILADELPHIA.
SHAFTESBURY HALL, TORONTO, CANADA.

Ann. JUN 29 1893

TRACTS BY PRES. FINNEY.

Power from on High.

Power from on High. What is it?

The Enduement of the Spirit.

Enduement of Power from on High.

How to Overcome Sin.

Power from on High: who may expect the Enduement.

Is it a Hard Saying!

How to Win Souls.

How to Preach so as to Convert Nobody.

Preacher, save Thyself.

Prevailing Prayer.

The Psychology of Faith.

☞ Either of the above, 2 cents. The set by mail for 25 cents

THE HOUSE-TOP SAINT.

"YES, yes, sonny, I's mighty fo'-handed, and no ways like poo' white trash, nor yet like any of dese onsanctified col'd folks dat grab deir liberty like a dog grabs a bone—no thanks to nobody!"

Thus the sable, queenly Sibyl McIvor ended a long boast of her prosperity since she had become her own mistress, to a young teacher

from the North, as she was arranging his snowy linen in his trunk.

"I'm truly glad to hear of all this comfort and plenty, Sibyl; but I hope your treasures are not all laid up on earth. I hope you are a Christian?" asked the young stranger.

Sibyl put up her great hands, and straightened and elevated the horns of her gay turban; and then, planting them on her capacious hips, she looked the beardless youth in the eye and exclaimed with a sarcastic smile, "*You* hope I'm a Christian, do you? Why, sonny, I was a 'spectable sort of a Christian afore your mammy was born, I reckons! But for dese last twenty-five years, I'se done been a mighty powerful one—one o' de kind

dat makes Satan shake in his hoofs —I is one of the house-top saints, sonny!"

"House-top saints? what kind of saints are those?" asked the young Northerner.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Sibyl; "I thought like's not you never even heerd tell on 'em, up your way. Dey's mighty scarce any whar; but de Lor's got one on 'em, to any rate, in dis place and on dis plantation!" replied Sibyl, triumphantly.

"And that is you?"

"Yes, sonny, dat is *me!*"

"Then tell me what you mean by being a house-top saint?"

"Well, I means dat I's been t'rough all de stories o' my Father's

house on arth, from de cellar up; and now I's fairly on de ruff—yes, on de very ridge pole; and dare I sits and sings and shouts and sees heaven—like you never see it t'rough de clouds down yere."

"How did you get there, auntie?"

"How does you get from de cellar to de parlor, and from de parlor to de chamber, and from de chamber to de ruff? Why, de builder has put sta'rs thar, and you sees 'em and puts your feet on 'em and mounts, ha?"

"But there are the same stairs in our Father's house for all His children, as for you; yet you say house-top saints are very scarce?"

"Sartin, sonny. Star's don't get

people up, 'less dey mounts 'em. If dere was a million o' sta'rs leadin' up to glory, it would'nt help dem dat sits down at de bottom and howls and mourns 'bout how helpless dey is! Brudder Adam, dere, dat's a blackin' of your boots, he's de husban' o' *my* bussum, and yet he's nothin' but only a poor, down-cellar 'sciple, sittin' in de dark, and whinin' and lamentin' 'cause he ain't up stairs! I says to him, says I, Brudder—I's allus called him Brudder since he was born into de kingdom—why don't you come up into de light?

"'Oh,' says he, 'Sibby, I's too onworthy; I doesn't desarve de light dat God has made for de holy ones.'

"Phoo, says I, Brudder Adam! Don't you 'member, says I, when our massa done married de gov'ness, arter old missus' death? Miss Alice, she was as poor as an unfeathered chicken; but did she go down cellar and sit 'mong de po'k barr'ls and de trash 'cause she was poor and wasn't worthy to live up sta'rs? Not she! She tuk her place to de head o' de table, and w'ar all de lacery and jewelry massa gib her, and hold up her head high, like she was sayin', I's no more poor gov'ness, teaching Col'n McIvor's chil'n; but I's de Col'n's b'loved wife, and I stan's for de mother of his chil'n, as she had a right to say! And de Col'n love her all de more for her not bein' a fool

and settin' down cellar 'mong de po'k barr'ls!

"Dere, sonny, dat's de way I talk to Brudder Adam! But so fur it haint fotched him up! De poor deluded cretur' thinks he's humble, when he's only low-minded and grovellin' like! It's unworthy of a blood-bought soul for to stick to de cold, dark cellar, when he mought live in de light and warmf, up on de house-top!"

"That's very true, Sibyl; but few of us reach the house-top;" said the young man thoughtfully.

"Mo' fools you, den!" cried Sibyl. "De house-top is dere, and de sta'rs is dere, and de grand glorious Master is dere, up 'bove all, callin'

to you day and night, 'Frien', come up higher!' He reaches down His shinin' han' and offers for to draw you up; but you shakes your head and pulls back and says, 'No, no, Lord; I isn't nothing.' Is dat de way to treat Him who has bought life and light for you? Oh, shame on you, sonny, and on all de down-cellar and parlor and chamber Christians!"

"What are parlor Christians, auntie?" asked the young man.

"Parlor Christians, honey? Why dems is de ones dat gets barly out o' de cellar and goes straitway and forgets what kind o' creturs dey was down dere! Dey grow proud and dresses up fine, like de worl's folks,

and dances, and sings worldly trash o' songs, and has only just 'ligion enough to make a show wid. Our ole missus, she used to train 'mong her col'd folks wuss den ole King Furio did 'mong de 'Gyptians. But, bless you, de minute de parson or any other good brudder or sister come along, how she did tune up her harp! She was mighty 'ligious in de parlor, but she left her 'ligion dere when she went out.

"I do think missus got to heaven, wid all her infarmities. But she didn't get very high up till de bridegroom come and called for her! Den she said me, one dead-o'-night, 'Oh Sibby,' says she—she held tight on to my han';—'Oh, Sibby, if you could

only go along o' me, and I could keep hold o' your garments, I'd have hope o' getting through de shinin' gate! your clothes and your face and your hands shines like silver, Sibby!' says she. Dear soul, says I, dis light you see isn't mine! It all comes 'flected on to poor black Sibyl from de cross; and dere is heaps more of it to shine on to you and every other poor sinner dat will come near enough to cotch de rays!

"'Oh,' says she, 'Sibby, when I heard you shoutin' Glory to God and talkin' o' Him on de house-top, I thought it was all su'stition and ig-no'ance. But now, Oh Sibby, I'd like to touch de hem o' your garment, and wipe de dust off your

shoes, if I could on'y ketch a glimpse o' Christ.'

"Do you b'lieve dat you's a sinner, missus? says I.

"'Yes, de chief o' sinners;' says she, with a groan.

"Do you b'lieve dat Christ died for sinners, and is able to carry out His plan? says I.

"'Yes,' says she.

"Well, den, says I; if you's sinner 'nough, and Christ is Saviour 'nough, what's to hender your bein' saved? Just you quit lookin' at yourself, and look to Him.

"Den she kotch sight o' de cross, and she forgot herself; and her face light up like an angel's; and she was a new missus from dat yar

hour till she went up. She died a singin',

"'In my han' no price I bring,
Simple to dy cross I cling.'

"But she mought a sung all de way along, if she hadn't forgot de hoomiliation o' de cellar, and 'bused de privileges o' de parlor. Parlors is fine things; but dey ain't made for folks to spen' deir whole time in."

"What's a chamber-saint, auntie?" asked the young man.

"Chamber saints is dem dat's 'scaped de dark and de scare of de cellar, and de honey-traps o' de parlor, and got through many worries, and so feels a-tired, and is glad o'

rest. Dey says, 'Well, we's got 'long mighty well, and can now see de way clar up to glory.' And sometimes dey forgets dat dey's on'y half way up, and thinks dey's come off conqueror a'ready. So dey's very apt to lie down wid deir hands folded, thinkin' dat Satan isn't nowhar, now! But he is close by 'em, and he smooves deir soft pillows, and sings 'em to sleep and to slumber; and de work o' de kingdom don't get no help from dem—not for one while! De chamber is a sort o' half-way house made for rest and comfort; but some turns it into a roostin' place! You know Brudder Bunyan, sonny?"

"No."

"What, never heerd tell o' John Bunyan?"

"Oh, yes."

"I thought you couldn't all be so ignorant 'bout 'ligion up in Boston as dat! Well, you know he wrote 'bout a brudder dat got asleep and loss his roll, and dat's what's de matter wid heaps o' Christians in de worl.' Dey falls asleep and loses deir hope."

"And do you keep in this joyful and wakeful frame all the time, auntie?" asked the young learner.

"I does, honey. By de help of de Lord, and a contin'l watch, I keep de head ob de ole sarpint mashed under my heel, pretty gineral. Why, sometimes, when he rises up and thrusts

his fangs out, I has such power gin me to stomp on him dat I can hear his bones crack—mostly! I tell you, honey, he don't like me, and he's most gin me up for los'."

"Now, Sibyl, you are speaking in figures. Tell me plainly how you get the victory over Satan."

"Heaps o' ways," she replied. "Sometimes I gets up in de mornin', and I sees work enough for two women ahead o' me. Maybe my head done ache and my narves done rampant; and I hears a voice sayin' in my ear, 'Come or go what likes, Sibby, dat ar work is got to be done! You's sick and tired a'ready! Your lot's a mighty hard one, sister Sibby' —Satan often has de imperdence to

call me 'sister'—'and if Adam was only a pearter man, and if Tom wasn't lame, and if Judy and Cle'patry wasn't dead, you could live mighty easy. Bnt just you look at dat ar pile o' shirts to iron, 'sides cookin' for Adam and Tom, and keepin' your house like a Christian oughter!' Dat's how he 'sails me when I'se weak! Den I faces straight about and looks at him, and says, in the words o' Scripter, 'Clar out and git ahind my back, Satar!' Dat ar pile o' shirts ain't high enough to hide Him dat is my strength! And sometimes I whisks de shirts up and rolls 'em into a bundle, and heaves 'em back into de clothes bask't, and says to 'em, 'You lay dar till to-morrow, will you?

'I ain't no slave to work, nor to Satan! for I can 'ford to wait, and sing a hime to cher my sperits, if I like.' And den Satan drops his tail and slinks off, most gineral; and I goes 'bout my work a singin':

"'My Master bruise de sarpint's head,
And bind him wid a chain;
Come, brudders, hololujah shout,
Wid all your might and main!
Hololujah!'"

"Does Satan always assail you through your work?" asked the young stranger.

"No, bless you, honey; sometimes he 'tacks me through my stummick; and dat's de way he 'tacks rich and grand folks, most gineral. If I eat too hearty o' fat bacon and corn

cake in times gone, I used to get low in 'ligion, and my hope failed, and I den was such a fool I thought my Christ had forgotten to be gracious to me! Satan makes great weepons out o' bacon! But I knows better now, and I keep my body under, like Brudder Paul; and nothin' has power to separate me from Him I loves. I's had sorrows enough to break down a dozen hearts dat had no Jesus to shar' 'em wid, but every one on 'em has only fotched me nearer to Him! Some folks would like to shirk all trouble on dair way to glory, and swim into de shinin' harbor through a sea o' honey! But, sonny, dere's crosses to bar, and I ain't mean enough to want my blessed Jesus to

bar 'em all alone. It's my glory here dat I can take hold o' one end o' de cross, and help Him up de hill wid de load o' poor bruised and wounded and sick sinners He's got on His hands and His heart to get up to glory! But, la! honey! how de time has flew; I must go home and get Brudder Adam's dinner; for it's one o' my articles o' faith never to keep him waitin' beyond twelve o'clock when he's hungry and tired, for dat allus gi'se Satan fresh 'vantage over him. Come up to my palace, some day, and we'll have more talk about de way to glory."

239 Fourth Avenue, New York.

DR. WAYLAND ON THE TRACT SOCIETIES.

SPEECH OF REV. FRANCIS WAYLAND, D. D.,

At the Anniversary of the Providence City Tract Society, Auxiliary to the American Tract Society, (Boston,) January 20, 1860.*

THIS, my Christian friends, is the first public meeting of *this* Auxiliary Society. It has never appealed for charity to the sympathy of Christians in Providence before. The fact of its existence is somewhat peculiar, as it seems to imply a separation from another Society which you have all honored, with which we have all cheerfully labored to the best of our ability, and to which you have largely contributed. Under these circumstances it seems appropriate to state the nature of the case in a few words, that you may all know the precise point of difference, and the reason why there should be a separation.

I remark, first, that the Society with which this organization is connected is not a *new* Society. It is one of the oldest Tract Societies in the United States. It was formed in the year 1814, under the name of the New England Tract Society. As such it labored with great success, continually extending its operations throughout New England and other parts of the United States; and, like every plant which the Lord plants, it still grew and extended until its sphere of usefulness reached to every part of our country. In 1823 its name was changed by Act of Legislature to that of the *American Tract Society.*

At this time it had 112 depositories, and as many as 700 auxiliaries. This was the American Tract Society at Boston; it constantly advanced; it did a large amount

* Of which Auxiliary Dr. Wayland is President.

of good, and in the course of its existence has distributed by sale and by grants, more than a million of dollars.

In 1824 it was proposed to move the American Tract Society of Boston to New York. This proposition was not received with favor. It was known that this Society was planted here; that it had extended its roots throughout the whole of New England, and its books were then to be found in every State in the Union; it did not seem to its friends and contributors to be right to make this change, and it was thought that it would be unjust to those who had left money for its support.

A proposition was then made by the New York Religious Tract Society to call a convention of all the Tract Societies in the country, to form a National Tract Society, to be located in the city of New York. This was done; so that from this time there existed *two* American Tract Societies.*

The Boston Society consented to coöperate with that of New York, and the printing for both was committed to the New York Society. But the Society in Boston never varied in its original character; it was understood at the time that it was not merged in the new Society; its object, its constitution, its officers, its charter, and the control of its own funds, all remained the same as before.

[Dr. W. here read from the Constitution of the Boston Society.]

The object of this Society "shall be to promote the interests of vital godliness and good morals, by the distribution of such books and tracts as may be calculated to receive the approbation of Christians of all denominations, usually termed evangelical."

Here I feel called upon to say that this Society, from the beginning, has been supported and sustained almost exclusively by the Congregationalists of New England;

* The New York Society was not *incorporated* until May 26, 1841.

yet, when they laid its foundation, they laid it upon no *Congregational* basis; they took a broad and catholic view of the matter, and though they had supported it so long and done so much, they said, we will publish tracts which will meet the approbation of all serious Christians of every denomination. Their principle from the beginning was what is found in Matthew, 10th chapter 27th verse: "What I tell you in darkness, that speak ye in light; and what ye hear in the ear, that preach ye upon the house tops;" and that no word of God was of any "private interpretation;" that no man had a right to carve out the word of God, distribute a portion here, seal up a portion there; but that the whole word of Christ was to be sent abroad among the nations everywhere, whether men liked it or not; and if they did *not* like it, there was all the more reason why they should have it.

This union continued until within a year or two, and so far as I know, the action of the two Societies was entirely harmonious. We of New England were faithful and sincere in the union, and they of New York seemed to act upon the same principles upon which we have always acted. But a change came over the North and the South. I am old enough to recollect the time when you did not see and could not find a Southern Christian who would not say at once, "Slavery is wrong, we know it, and should be glad to get rid of it; we will do anything reasonable which you will point out; we shall be happy to receive any instruction or help whatever; we wish to know of anything you feel to be wrong on this subject in the sight of God." A change, I say, has come over us; slavery is now held to be right, not only in the abstract, but slavery just as it is. There must not be a hair of it touched, with all its bold defiance of the laws of God and man. It has been said that slavery is allowed and approved by the Son of God—that the undefiled and harmless Sav-

iour approves not only of slavery, but even of shutting out men from the knowledge of the Word of God.

We, too, on the other hand, have had some changes in our views. This matter has been brought home to us in a great variety of ways. The press has devoted much space to it, and facts have been continually developed which have aroused the Christian conscience of the whole Northern country. One day a father comes to us to beg money, telling us that his daughters are to be sold to prostitution in New Orleans; the next day a mother appears and tells us the same story, and begs that we will rescue her children from so awful a destiny; brothers and sisters plead for the freedom of each other; and we are compelled to ask, Is this according to the Gospel of Jesus Christ? This condition of things calls at once for some testimony in respect to it. Here are hundreds and thousands of our own Christian brethren, Christ's little ones, forbidden to read the word of God, and Christian men are forbidden to teach them. But a little while since a good woman in Virginia lay some weeks in prison for the atrocious crime of teaching children to read the Bible! Christian men have been forbidden to marry; a thing spoken of by the Apostles as one of the types of anti-Christ. Now, there is not a single Southern State in which a slave has a right to form any contract, not even marriage; something like it may be permitted, but it can be broken at any moment by the will of the master. Here are men and women united by affection, by sympathy, by every tie which can bind human beings together, who may at any moment be separated from each other, though Christ has said, "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." Men are chattels; they have no right to hold property. I need not go further, for the laws upon these subjects are well known.

Christian men, then, are beginning to ask—setting

aside the abstract question of slavery—"Have we no duty to discharge to these our brethren and sisters in Christ? Can we see all these things without bearing testimony?" Here are Christian men and women suffering oppression such as can be equaled nowhere, not even in Austria. The Madai family were punished and sent to the galleys in Italy for reading the word of God, and the whole Christian world is aroused, and different Protestant governments have sent to beg their release. The Mortara boy was caught in Rome, and they determined to make a Papist of him, and the Christian world is all remonstrance. Here are two or three millions of enslaved men and women, and hundreds of thousands of Christian people among them; and does it not behoove us to bear testimony in behalf of these poor outcast children of God, and also to bear testimony to those who are oppressing them, (whether they know they are wrong or not,) in accordance with the words of the Saviour, 'What I tell you in darkness, that speak ye in light; and what ye hear in the ear, that preach ye upon the house-tops'?

Here I wish to say distinctly, that there was no *abolition* notion in this separation. There was no intention of turning the Society into an abolition Society; those who say so must, I fear, know it to be wrong. The only question was, whether this Society, in making known the truths of the Gospel, should not show the bearing of that Gospel upon this atrocious oppression of men and Christians. This was no sudden rupture. To my certain knowledge, the managers of the other Society were written to privately, by men who would not take any part in public proceedings in this direction, and asked if they could, in justice to Christ or to men, continue as they were and not bear testimony; not a wrathful testimony, not a vindictive testimony, but in simplicity and kindness to speak in behalf of persecuted men, and endeavor to call those so acting,

to a knowledge of the principles of the Gospel bearing upon this subject. That was all we asked, and they declined complying with our request, under circumstances to which I will not refer on this occasion.

We then requested them simply to publish the word of God upon this subject, without note or comment; and they would not do it. Not only did they decline to do this, but books published by them were examined most carefully, and that which bore upon slavery was excluded. Old books, new books, biographies, all works that contained any thing condemning slavery, were relieved of such portions. The wrong here seemed to be three-fold. First, it was wrong to them that were bound, whom we were under obligations to the word of Christ to remember. In the next place, there was a wrong committed against our Christian brethren at the South, who in their own consciences felt slavery to be a grievous evil, and who looked to us to utter the truth upon this matter. They said, "Slavery is clearly very wrong, but what shall we do?" If they spoke out, they were persecuted at home; while Christian men here gave no word of encouragement. Then, the oppressors of the slave defended themselves by the action of Christians at the North. They said, "We have never heard a word from you upon this subject. You do not think it wrong yourselves. Whatever we have done, you have approved of. You never gave us to understand that you believed slavery to be contrary to the Gospel." So they continued to think, until they came to believe that it *was* the Gospel. This was the third wrong.

Under these circumstances, the Society in Boston felt that it should revert back to its original organization. It entered upon the work with the plain, simple purpose of proclaiming to all men the teachings of Jesus Christ, found in the Bible. They could not do this in connection with the New York Society, and they said, "You

must decide for yourselves; we can not and dare not be silent upon this subject any longer;" and this alliance, which was made in 1825, ceased during the last year; and the American Tract Society of Boston now assumes the ground which it held from the beginning, in 1814.

It is said that the American Tract Society is bound by its constitution; that it must do nothing contrary to the belief of any Christian denomination. Where is the Christian denomination that believes in the right of man to forbid his brother to marry? Where is the Christian denomination that believes it right to shut out the teachings of Jesus Christ from the poor perishing sinner, because he has a black skin? Oh, brethren, can this be so?

It is said that this is a political question, and must not be touched. There never was any important question raised in a free country, where men are governed by the ballot, which has not been deemed political. This has been true of the Temperance question. This was true of the Religion of Jesus Christ itself at the beginning; it overturned the Mosaic Ritual and the Priesthood, and all those ecclesiastical arrangements which were the light and center of Jewish governmental authority. Wicked men take up questions of this kind, and mean to carry wickedness and oppression by politics. I care little about politics; but I do care about wickedness and oppression, and it is our business to testify against it.

We feel a great responsibility. Take the matter of Temperance, again, as an illustration. Suppose our Southern brethren, ministers included, were all ruining their souls, and fast hastening to destruction by disobeying the word of God in drinking ardent spirits. Suppose, because they did not like to be disturbed about it, we let them alone, and published tracts upon every other subject but that? Suppose, in publishing biographies and other books, we should carefully exclude every thing that

touches upon that subject; kept perfectly silent, and baptized this with the name of "preaching Jesus Christ and him crucified?" Suppose we carried out this method, and wholly refrained from speaking of any wickedness that men did not want to hear about? This would be giving a most intensified meaning to "preaching Jesus Christ and him crucified!" In sending tracts to Utah, we must not say a word about polygamy; if to a country of drunkards, say not a word about drunkards, and so on to the end. How could we answer to God? How could we meet these men at the judgment, when we had thus shut them out, so far as we had power, from the truth of Jesus Christ?

Here let me observe, that the question is not whether men will *receive* these tracts. They might say, "We will not take your tracts about slavery; and we will not have you teach us how to govern our slaves;" but they go farther than this; they say, "You shall not publish upon this subject at all; neither upon slavery, nor the evils connected with it, shall you publish a word."

These were the circumstances that led the gentlemen of the American Tract Society at Boston, to decide, without any unkindness on their part, that this Society should revert back to its original organization and constitution. It was a question of conscience with them; they felt that they could not in the sight of Christ be implicated in the sin of a system which presented, as they believed, such entire opposition to the very teachings of Christ, and the obligations under which he has laid us.

Under these circumstances the Society has recommenced the printing and circulation of tracts, books and periodicals, with the intention to make known to all men the whole counsel of God; in doing which it is meeting with very great success, and with the approbation and good feeling of a very large part of the whole Christian world.

Boston Public Library
Central Library, Copley Square

Division of
Reference and Research Services

The Date Due Card in the pocket indicates the date on or before which this book should be returned to the Library.

Please do not remove cards from this pocket.